

Songs of the Sixties

By BESSIE B. CROFFUT.

ONE of the treasures in the Library of Congress that never fails to thrill me is the manuscript division—a case full of music of the '60s. Soldiers of the civil war in faded uniforms fight their battles over again as they stand and gaze at the historic songs in type, with the covers emblazoned with the famous faces of their old commanders—all arranged in impartial rows.

On the sides of the case are sixty-two sheets, mostly illustrated in triple rows and with no division in sentiment—except that the five dedicated to Lincoln and five to Grant fill the upper front row.

We may as well begin with Lincoln. There are four marches, grand and otherwise, bearing his well known features, rough hewn but strangely fascinating. One is the "Wigwam March" of his first Presidential campaign and three of them present him as the "village lawyer," clean faced and young; the colored frontispiece of 1862 shows maturer lines, while the "Grand Funeral March" gives us his coun-

tenance seared with the struggles of his fearfully exalted position and with the eyes to which Franklin K. Lane paid such eloquent tribute.

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Song by Stonewall Himself.

Any one visiting this thrilling music case probably will be astonished to see that the famous "Stonewall" himself, according to the title page, wrote the words of a pathetic song, "My Wife and Child":

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.
I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him, our baby son,
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet;
The mother, wife—the doubly dear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

him with his staff on horseback in "The Richmond March," and inferentially again and again in "The Battle of Shiloh," the "Battle of Fort Donelson," both musically rendered by Charles Grobe, and "The Vicksburg Schottische."

"The Battle of Roanoke Island" shows a wonderful display of gunboats. Admiral Farragut stares at us from a grand march written in his honor, with astute, slightly quizzical face and the keen eye of the

"Viking of the Western world,
Who made his mast a throne"
and went into the harbor with the historic words "Damn the torpedoes!"

Commodore Foote, on the music composed in his honor, is strangely like in "the cut of his jib" to the pictures of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and many other men of that day, so that there seems almost a type of men of the "War Between the States" as it was called by Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, who is conspicuous by his absence, like Cato's bust. Jefferson Davis's refined features adorn "The Confederate March."

Davis's name is sung to a different tune in "Jeff Davis's Dream," by Bernard Covert:

alone, upon a steaming, snorting charger, in a whirlwind of dust. Between the two "Old Abe the Battle Eagle" is placed, the idol of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, over which he soared and screamed, with the *gaudia certaminis*, in all their battles for three years, with a price set upon his head by the Confederates because he so heartened the men of whom he was the mascot. The old bird, it is recorded, was kept, supported by the State, in a house built for him in State Park, Madison, presumably until his death.

Cat's Meow in the 60's.

As if further in line with the spirit of impartiality, near the exultation of a bird, is a song of a cat. "Poor Kitty Popcorn," by Henry C. Work, shows how the present day motif of the cat's meow was treated in a pro-North song in 1861:

Did you ever hear the story of the loyal cat?

Me-yow!

Who was loyal to the flag and ever followed that?

Me-yow!

Oh, she had a happy home beneath the Southern sky,

But she packed her goods and left it when our troops came nigh,

And she fell into the column with a low, glad cry,

Me-yow!

As if in mollifying contrast with the above is "Yankee Volunteers Marching Into Dixie," a comic song, the illustration showing the volunteers wearing sheepish grins, impossible hats and clownish uniforms.

There is a wide range among the songs. Some are mere whimsies, like "Grafted Into the Army," by Henry C. Work:

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent—
They've grafted him into the army;
He finally puckered up courage and went
When they grafted him into the army.

I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captain's forequarters they said
he would pass.

They'd train him up well in the infantry class—

So they grafted him into the army.

Drest up in his uniform—dear little chap:
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sat in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousers he used to wear,

Them very same buttons—the patch an' the tear—

But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

And there is "Richmond Is Ours!" a thrill with patriotism of the North and giving a good idea of how the thousands felt when Richmond fell:

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Hark to the jubilant chorus!
Up thro' the lips that no longer repress it
Up from the hearts of the people—God bless it!

Swelling with loyal emotion
Leapeth our joy, like an ocean.
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Babylon falls and her temples and towers
Crumble to ashes before us!

Glory to Grant! Glory to Grant!
Hark to the shout of our nation!
Up from the Irish heart, up from the German,

Glory to Sheridan! Glory to Sherman!
Up from all people uniting,
Freedom's high loyalty plighting,
Glory to all! Glory to all!
Heroes who combat and martyrs who fall
Lift we our joyous ovation!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!
Up from each turret and steeple!
Up from the cottage and over the mansion
Fling out the symbol of Freedom's expansion.

Victory crowneth endeavor!
Liberty seals us forever!
Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!
Up from each valley and out from each
crag!
Borne on the breath of the people!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Hark! how the welkin is riven!
Hark to the joy that our nation convulses,
Tuning all hearts to the cannon's loud
pulses;

Voices of heroes ascending,
Voices of martyred ones blending,
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Mingling like watchwords on Liberty's

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"Yankee Volunteers Marching Through Georgia," the frontispiece of one song.

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I wonder who can tell offhand the names of many of "Our Generals" of the North? Twenty-five in all, they are vividly before us in a group, brilliant of uniform, easily recognized—the more familiar faces. In the midst is the regal figure of Scott on a white horse, and on either side of him Butler, Wool, Rosecrans, McCook, Anderson, McDowell, Sickles, Blenker, McClellan, Hunter, Sigel, Sprague, Prentiss, Mansfield, Tyler, Burnside (with his whiskers), Banks, Fremont, Lander, Heintzelman, Dix, Curtis and Stone.

The "Grand Funeral March" of Winfield Scott recalls the leonine face and colossal figure of the old hero who led his triumphant soldiers to the halls of the Montezumas only to meet a court of inquiry in them as to how he got them there. His gigantic statue stands, it will be remembered, before the Soldiers Home, of which he was the virtual founder, as it was endowed from the indemnity paid by Mexico.

"Our Generals" of the South are also in a group, uncolored. It includes Longstreet, Johnston, Hill, Beauregard, Hardee, Price, Bragg and "Stonewall" Jackson in medallions surrounding the central figure of Lee. Jackson is the center of a "Requiem" dedicated to a noble company embracing Albert Sydney Johnston, John M. Morgan, Leonidas Polk, J. E. B. Stuart, A. P. Hill and G. J. Harris. Again his countenance appears on "Riding a Raid," and "His Last Words," "Let Us Go Over

Now while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the Skies!
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier slain;
By day, by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God, protect my wife and child!

"Virginia" is impartially in line with the songs of the North. Written by J. W. Randolph, author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," it reads:
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free,
The birthplace of Washington, the land of liberty,
Your soil is invaded by tyrants and knaves,
Your fields once so brilliant now gloomy with graves.

CHORUS.

Virginia! Virginia! The home of the free!
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty!

"The Sword of General Lee" shows the soul of that noble warrior and Christian gentleman in whose presence Grant himself records that he forgot the errand for which they were met at Appomattox.

There are five full front portraits of Grant at different ages, on marches, differing extremely from each other. One, the most youthful, makes him look like Black Bothwell; another has a hand in his breast and another in his pocket; all have an earnest, serious look. Again we have

Jeff Davis awoke one morn' from a dream,
A horrible dream, a horrible dream;
He jumped out of bed with a terrible scream,

A horrible scream gave he!
He dreamed that a mudsill stood close by his bed
In the garb of a Zouave in flannel red,
With a noose of hemp slipping over his head,
Saying "Come along, traitor, with me."

There are schottisches bearing quaintly the sober faces of politicians—John Bell, an open-faced, scholarly gentleman of the old school; W. C. Breckenridge, his eyes deep set and prophetic, with a breadth of view and forehead recalling "Bailey of Texas"; Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" opponent of Lincoln, of large nose, high brow, the mouth of an orator and a slightly disagreeable expression.

Major-General George H. Thomas, than whom no abler or more chivalrous officer was to be found in the armies of the North, graces a song, "The Soldier's Hope," and there is a march to the memory of Major-General George G. Meade, gentle, wise, with the look we have mentioned, the strange likeness among so many of the Generals of the Union.

"Sherman's Advance on Savannah," where "Old Tecumseh" sits calmly on his horse, with his staff, pointing to an aide the road his army is already taking, artillery and infantry, in vigorous stride, with knapsacks and wagon train, is paired with "Sheridan's Ride," a "descriptive fantasia," presenting the hero headlong and